

# Anadivine, Duet From The Dead

There's a tear in the fabric.  
There's a knife on the floor.  
Persistent beats the heart that stained  
The dress inside the closet  
Where her body lay cold.

There's no rhyme.  
There's no reason.  
For the seasons adore  
Of dreamers of the past crimes  
And of lovers have no lifelines.  
They resolve; they restore.

If you knew the words,  
She had such fascinations  
With becoming a whore.

So charming when you choke on your pride.  
It's so ugly it's not fair.  
In the middle of your throat described  
As the words wouldn't dare

This feeling of being alive  
Reminds me of gasping for air.  
And stomaching living for her  
Is a feeling that I couldn't bear.

There's no rhyme.  
There's no reason.  
For the seasons adore  
Of dreamers of the past crimes  
And of lovers have no lifelines.  
They resolve; they restore.

'Cause you showed the world my infatuation.  
Now I'll show them you.

This feeling of being alive  
Reminds me of gasping for air.  
And stomaching living for her  
Is a feeling that I couldn't bear.

It's been a long time since these hands have grabbed your skin,  
And I've been dying for a way to get back here.  
It's been a long time coming  
for both of us have sinned,  
And I've been drinking with the ghost of your old friend.

stain the floor where she was strained  
the vows that they exchanged  
as blood soaked hands exchanged  
refrain from lines and songs we sing  
as ugly rhythms hang  
her mouth that screamed my name